

TEACHERS TAKE ONE DAY AT PLAY

Nearly 1,000 of Them From
Salt Lake and Elsewhere
Visit Hot Pots.

THEY CAST ASIDE ALL CARE

RIDE HAYRACKS AND CLIMB
HILLS.

The Salt Lake school teachers, those from Provo and intermediate points, with numerous principals and superintendents, were students yesterday. The opportunity was afforded by the teachers' excursion to the Hot Pots resort at Midway yesterday. Each teacher grasped this opportunity with an eagerness seldom exhibited by the small boy during the fishing season. The teachers sought relief in communion with nature. They found sermons in stones, books in brooks and good in everything. They forgot botany and picked wild flowers. They discarded geology and climbed rocky cliffs on steep mountain sides. They subtracted care, added a quantity of fresh air and beautiful scenery, multiplied by strolls through shady lines, divided by the beauty of the mountains and thus obtained a total which tanned their cheeks and made their clothes—oh, so dusty. The trip was not for the fastidious—white duck suits and lime-stone roads are a disastrous combination.

The excursion had been planned for some weeks past. When the Rio Grande special of ten cars pulled out of the local depot at 7:45 o'clock yesterday morning in the neighborhood of 200 teachers and friends were on board. At Murray, Lehi, Bingham Junction, Provo and other points along the line additional passengers were picked up, running the total number of persons who attended the excursion close to 1,000. The cars, crowded from short stops for coal and water the trip through beautiful Provo canyon was made without interruption. The passengers crowded upon the car platforms and enjoyed the passing grandeur.

The day was an ideal one for such an excursion. The hillsides are covered with many shades of green. The sun rose above the peaks and the valleys were filled with a golden tint.

Conveyances There a-Plenty.

Carriages and conveyances were waiting at the Heber depot when the big special pulled into that little city. Conveyances of all descriptions, and some defying description, were in readiness. The teachers, no longer staid, sedate, severe and stately, climbed on hayracks, into melon wagons, "hooked behind" on private carriages and perched four deep on the driver's seat. Everything in the horse family, from a half-bred mule to a Shetland pony, was attached to some sort of a rig. While the Heberites had harnessed every horse in town to every rig in town, they had not been too busy, as such conveyances had its occupants or occupants. When the visitors were collected of the ride to the Hot Pots began.

Paul Revere had no such luck. The country boys—born masters of horseman—whipped their plow steeds and various brands of horses, and down they came, plunging down gullies, rumbling over apparently under-caved ground, diving, dipping, swaying, "that many houses here" racing vehicles which brought the teachers and their friends to the Hot Pots by 11:20 a. m.

Houses a la Matrimonial.

"I have noticed, Mr. Driver," said Miss J. Harper, while on the way to the Hot Pots from Heber, "that many houses here through this country seem to have been abandoned when built completely."

"Not at all," said the driver, "I am aiming a copious quantity of extract of Bootlick at a passing stump; you see them fellows what is a-biting their heads in a groove. They get married, and they're just puttin' on a rock during spare moments. Some of these here houses have been building a long time. They come from long ago, when the old man has his own built, yes, that's straight."

Thought Duck a Hen.

"Oh, look at the little hen!" chirped one teacher delightedly as an animated bunch of teachers waded across the road in front of the horses. "I am quite an enthusiast about chickens. Still, I'll bet you a box of caramels that is a Plymouth Rock." Still took the bait, sized up the bunch of feathers and said in her opinion the chicken was a Wyandotte. Neither could decide, so they called upon the driver, an old, bent-backed, gray-whiskered fellow called "daddy" throughout the valley and passed a final verdict. "Daddy" chuckled softly and said, with a far-away look in his eyes: "You're both wrong; that's a little duck. No one on the trip could decide who had won the box of caramels."

Describes Hay-Rack Ride.

"Heaven!" gasped Miss M. Qualtrough as she slid from the hayrack which had brought her and twenty companions from Heber to the Hot Pots. "I feel like a scrambled egg. I'll never get on a hayrack again. This one had no springs, you see, and every time we hit a bump—and, by the way, we didn't miss but precision—few—I felt that I was going through the wagon and into the ground. Then, on the level road and slip and we all had to keep moving like mud turtles to stay on the rig. I crawled ten miles over that canvas while coming out here. No hayrack for me. I am going back in a respectable, trustworthy vehicle."

Spent Pleasant Afternoon.

When the excursionists had untangled themselves and managed to pry themselves loose from the seats of their re-

TEACHERS TAKING ENJOYMENT ON THEIR HOLIDAY

Arrival at Heber.

Waiting for Dinner.

Supt. D. H. Christensen of Salt Lake
Schools and Harry M. Cushing, T.
P. A. of Rio Grande.

Hayracks in the Mud.



Summit of Hot Pot.

Crust of Large Pot.

Lunching Beneath the Trees.

Enjoying a Swing.

SNAPSHOTS ON EXCURSION TO HOT POTTS

spective conveyances they were told that dinner awaited them in the dining-room of the Hot Pot hotel. Teachers who have made their pupils write the word "machinery" 100 times for breaking line at recess joined in the mad rush for seats in the dining-room. Mr. and Mrs. W. Ritter served several hundred meals, and several hundred picknickers ate lunches on the grass under the trees. Their appetites subdued, the pleasure-seekers wandered about the Hot Pot region, many climbing to the summit of the "live" one, which supplies the hot water for the bathing pools. A feature of this particular pot is told by old residents of the Midway region who have maintained for years that no bottom has ever been found. Numerous schemes have been tried to touch bottom in this big pot, but all have been unsuccessful.

The Brigham Young university students were enjoying a picnic at the resort. They were there about 400 strong, accompanied by their band of seventeen pieces. This gratulation rendered music during the afternoon. Many of the "ma-ams" enjoyed a "swing." Other members of the party roamed about the district, finding sources of interest and study in the peculiar limestone formations existing there.

Supper at Upper Falls.

At 2 o'clock the return trip was commenced, and another race participated in by conveyances, small and large, solid and frail, hitched to one horse, two horses, three horses or to no horses at all. The trip to mules, was made to the Rio Grande depot in Heber. When the teachers arrived at the station they were met by a leatherless, but happy, and in full spirit with the delightful "rough-and-tumble" of the entertainment provided them. Many carried huge bouquets of wild flowers which they had picked during their roamings.

Upper Falls, an attractive resort in Provo canyon, was reached at 4:45 p. m. Arrangements had been made for supplying the hungry throng with a delicious, old-fashioned chicken dinner, served in an open-air pavilion. The teachers had no thoughts of physiology when they asked for a slice of the "white meat—if you please." "Some gravy? Yes." They likewise had no thoughts of dyspepsia when they gazed raptly at two eddies of pie crust upon their cleaned plates.

On the Way Home.

The Upper falls and Bridal falls and other scenic attractions were visited by many of the excursionists, while others preferred to lounge beneath shady trees and plan similar excursions for the near future. At 6:29 o'clock the warning foot-note of the engine announced the hour of departure, and the unwilling excursionists, big shady meek and babbling brook farwell and secured seats in the cars. Salt Lake was reached shortly before 10 o'clock this evening.

The excursion committee selected from the local teachers comprised William Bradford, chairman; J. H. Coombs and A. S. Martin, Harry M. Cushing, traveling passenger agent, and Conductor J. E. Shaver represented the railroad in entertaining its passengers.

SINGULARITIES.

(Chicago News.)

Here is an eighteenth century fish story. It is told in a letter written by a traveler in Russia to a woman in England. A vessel laden with the latest fashions from Paris was run down in the channel of St. Petersburg. "The next day," the writer says, "a salmon was found in the hold of the vessel. It was a satiny petticoat; and in the same net were found two large eels, with muslin handkerchiefs around their necks. The shrimps of the latest taste; and hardly was there a fish that did not display some of the latest Parisian fashions that ever visited the north."

A London paper said recently, in regard to a reorganization of the great zoological gardens in that city: "The lemons have been removed to the old slots; the house before being the monkeys will also be removed, and it has been arranged that the old cages shall be replaced by new ones. The whole house will be stripped, cleaned and disinfected by a special method under the supervision of Dr. Gordon, the expert who has been in charge of the sanitation of the house of commons."

At Worcester, England, the slab erected over a departed auctioneer is inscribed with a single word—"Gone." In Sussex the initials and date of the death of the deceased are followed by two words—"He was." The most remarkable inscription is at Cane Hill cemetery, Belfast, where the inscription says: "Left till called for."

G. D. DEAN IS FOUND DEAD

Former Councilman Expires
Suddenly at Brick Tank in
City Creek Canyon.

HEART FAILURE THE CAUSE
SERVED IN TWENTY-EIGHT BAT-
TLES IN CIVIL WAR.

George D. Dean, former councilman from the Second municipal ward, was found dead early yesterday morning in his bed at the brick tank in City Creek canyon, where for the past year he had been employed as tankman. Mr. Dean's death resulted from heart failure. When he went on duty at 11 o'clock Friday night he seemed to be enjoying good health and was in a happy mood. Captain C. R. Berry, who relieved Mr. Dean at 7 o'clock yesterday morning, found the body. Death evidently came while Mr. Dean was sleeping, as nothing in the room was disturbed and he lay naturally in his bed.

The body was brought from the canyon in the police patrol wagon and taken to O'Donnell's undertaking parlors. Later it was taken to the family residence, 967 West Second South street. The funeral services will be held at 4 o'clock this afternoon at the Grand Army hall. Interment will take place in the Mount Olivet cemetery.

Was an Old Liberal.

When the liberal party carried the city in 1890 Mr. Dean took an active part and received the nomination for councilman. He was defeated by eleven votes. He entered politics again in 1903, when he received the nomination for councilman from the second municipal ward on the Republican ticket. He was elected for a short term, which expired Jan. 1, 1906.

Mr. Dean came to Salt Lake twenty-two years ago from Massachusetts, where he was born July 24, 1844. Upon arriving here he took a position in the Rio Grande shops, and for nineteen years remained in the employment of the railroad company. For three or four years he was master mechanic at Green River, and for two years was foreman of the shops at Thistle. The remainder of the time he worked at the Rio Grande shops in Salt Lake. Since his term expired in the council he had been employed at the brickyard in City Creek canyon.

Fought in Civil War.

When Mr. Dean was 17 years of age he enlisted in the Eighteenth Massachusetts regiment, and was rushed to the front at the beginning of the Civil war. He fought at Bull Run and engaged in twenty-eight battles during the following three years. He was also at Fredericksburg and fought through the campaign in 1863. When his enlistment expired he returned to his home in Massachusetts. Several years later he married Miss Eva Z. Roffee. Shortly after their marriage Mr. Dean came to Utah. Mr. Dean had no family, but is survived by his wife.

Frank J. Hewlett, former president of the city council of which Mr. Dean was a member, called a meeting of the members of that body late yesterday afternoon to adopt resolutions of respect. The resolution was adopted, and will be read Monday night in the city council. Arrangements were made to

EXPECTS TO BE BRIDE OF HOPE

Salt Lake Girl Yields to Charms
of English Promoter With
Large Talk.

NUNN IS NOT "ABSORBED"

Prospective marriage now figures in the chain of events having as central actor Beresford Hope, the Englishman who persuaded certain Salt Lake newspapers to exploit him as the purchaser of street car companies, power companies and various other Utah properties. It was stated yesterday that Miss Marie Josephine Welles, 38 Seventh East street, expects to become his bride and sail with him to England in June.

Miss Welles is a stenographer, 18 years of age, whose beauty attracted the man who talks in millions as soon as she entered his office as stenographer. He promptly began to pay court to her, and now she is making preparations for a wedding.

It was a quiet day yesterday. Mr. Hope bought no mines nor street railroad systems.

True, his personal organ announced that the Telluride Power would soon be gathered in by the \$25,000,000 corporation. It neglected to state, however, that L. L. Nunn, who controls the Telluride power company, had been approached by Mr. Hope several days ago and that he shrewdly refused in unequivocal terms to allow Mr. Hope to use his name as a shareholder or in any other way.

David Eccles returned to his Ogden home yesterday from the northwest. Mr. Hope has been using Mr. Eccles' name freely. When the Ogden capitalist was asked yesterday whether he had any dealings with the "agent of the Rothschilds" he refused absolutely to discuss the matter.

WHERE IT CAME IN.

(Chicago Record-Herald.)

"Do you intend to have a garden this year, Mr. Subbubs?"

"No, I've had fairly good luck in business during the past six months, my wife has recently developed a most lovely and gentle disposition; I haven't been fooled by any get-rich-quick schemes for a long time, and—"

"But what has all that to do with the fact that you are not going to do any gardening?"

"Well, you see, I have no grudge against myself!"

WORDS VS. ACTIONS.

(Columbus Dispatch.)

De Forem (time 11 p. m.)—I believe in the chap who has plenty of push and go in his make-up.

Miss Cutting (yawning)—So do I; but I'm afraid I'll have to get papa to give you a push in order to start you going.

YOU KNOW THEM.

(Philadelphia Ledger.)

We know some men who want the earth. But if they could impound it, they'd start to kick for all they're worth. And want a fence around it.

attend the funeral services in a body, and floral offerings will be given. The Grand Army veterans also met yesterday, and the body will be buried under its auspices.

ADDITIONAL SOCIETY.

Mrs. Oscar Lehmann will entertain Monday at luncheon in honor of Miss Helen Danneberg and Mrs. Nelsen A. Ranshoff of New York city.

Mrs. Henry Siegel is expecting Mr. and Mrs. Sam Larges and Miss Larges of St. Louis to spend the week with her.

A quiet wedding of the week was that of Miss Alice N. Foster and Louis C. Duncan, which was solemnized at noon Wednesday in the temple. President John R. Winder performing the ceremony. Mrs. Duncan is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Foster. Mr. Duncan is the son of the late Homer and Sarah Duncan. They are now at home at 879 Third street.

The Social Sixteen club met with Mrs. S. H. Larn Thursday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. John Milton were the guests of honor at a reception given by Mrs. M. L. Barnes Friday evening. Readings were given by Mr. and Mrs. Milton during the evening.

The members of the Unitarian Sunday school were entertained Saturday afternoon by Rev. and Mrs. Frank Pay Eddy in recognition of their daughter Harriet's birthday. Refreshments were served and dancing and games were enjoyed.

The young men of the evening missionary class of 1906 gave a dance at the L. D. S. university Thursday evening in honor of Miss Emma Hamlin, prior to her departure to Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Hancock entertained a few friends Tuesday evening in honor of Miss Emma Hamlin.

Miss Gertrude Stolz of San Francisco wishes piano pupils. Beginners and students' harmony a specialty. Has studied with representative pupils of Harold Bauer, Carreno and Tapper of Boston. 667 E. Second South.

RESOURCEFUL WOMAN.

(Detroit Free Press.)

"Men are so extravagant! Charlie gave me a ten-dollar pocketbook for my birthday. I neglected to state, however, that I was a shareholder or in any other way."

"What did you do with it?" asked her friend.

"Why, I took it back and they refunded the money. Then I bought one at a damage sale for \$5 and \$5 left."

A person who has become well acquainted with Munich beer seldom cares to drink any other kind.

Versandt Bier

Is the best brand of all of the imported beers which come from Germany. It is light and delicious, a food and a drink in one, of excellent flavor, unexcelled in quality. Best for convalescents.

SCHRAMM'S

Where the Cars Stop
The Great Prescription Drug Store.



NOW THE OUTINGS HAVE THEIR INNINGS.

They are bound to be more popular this season than ever, and it will be these exquisite styles of ours that will make them so.

Our Outings are perfect reproductions of the most favored of the regular suit cuts—only made vestless and with skeleton lined coats. The fabrics are Blue Serges and light, fancy patterns of Cassimere and Cheviot.

OUR \$13.50 OUTING SUIT A WINNER.

A neat, gray all-wool worsted. Coat half lined with fine quality Italian cloth; long cut, with side-vented back. Pants cut to correspond with coat style.

ATTERBURY
SYSTEM
CLOTHING
FOR MEN.

Siegel's

228 AND
230 MAIN
STREET.

FIND PRISONERS IN COUNTY JAIL

City Detectives Recognize
Three Escaped Prisoners
After Long Search.

ARRESTED IN MURRAY

MEN SERVE FIFTEEN DAYS BE-
FORE DISCOVERED.

After three weeks of diligent searching the detectives of the Salt Lake police force yesterday located three prisoners who escaped from the chain-gang in the county jail. It was tipped to the "soft-pedal" sleuths of the law that James Walsh, Fred Baker and John Karl had broken into the county jail on the charge of vagrancy. Their terms expired yesterday and the detective force appeared at the county bastille as a reception committee. When the three men walked out their faces were recognized. The entire detective force was positive that they were the men who played a game of hide-and-seek at the city's rock pile while Police Officer William Carey was eating lunch. In shackles these three men were taken back to the city jail and will be compelled to serve their full sentence without "cops" for good behavior. To each man's foot will be attached a ball and chain to prevent them from escaping again.

Escape During Lunch.

Walsh and Karl were sentenced to serve fifty days each on the charge of petty larceny. Baker was sentenced to three months on West's mail order house, and Police Officer Carlson caught them trying to dispose of the property to a pawnbroker. The entire detective force was positive that they were the men who played a game of hide-and-seek at the city's rock pile while Police Officer William Carey was eating lunch. In shackles these three men were taken back to the city jail and will be compelled to serve their full sentence without "cops" for good behavior. To each man's foot will be attached a ball and chain to prevent them from escaping again.

Story Is Suppressed.

The men's escape was reported to Chief George A. Sheets. He called the detectives into consultation and the story of their escape was suppressed, like many other crimes. The detectives searched the city over but gave up in despair, and after their capture it leaked out that they had joined the chain-gang again. Baker, Walsh and Karl went to Murray after their escape. They loafed around the town for more than a period of five days and then Deputy Sheriff Ira Beckstead arrested them. The charge of vagrancy was placed against them. They were convicted and sentenced to serve fifteen days in the county jail. Now they will have to serve about twenty days each on the city's rock pile before they are released.

SHOCKING.

(Chicago News.)

Gunner—Well, old man, I see that the electric rolling pin is the latest. Guyer—Electric? Great Vulcan! Don't the ordinary kind cause a man to see enough stars without adding sparks?

Another Letter.

This time from Coffeyville, Kan., reading as follows:

"While on my return from a California trip a few days ago, I bought a small box of your SWEETS 'OLD FASHIONED STICK CANDY'."

"I will have to say that this candy has the best collection of flavors of any candy on the market in this section of the country. I have recently put in a stock of candy in my store, but have seen nothing in the market to compare with your 'Old Fashioned Stick Candy.' Please quote me prices on same."

Quite a compliment to Utah's leading candy factory.

SWEET CANDY COMPANY

MAKERS OF GOOD SWEETS.

AN ACCOMMODATING CLERK.

(Boston Post.)

"Speaking of accommodating hotel clerks," remarked a Portland commercial traveler, "the best I ever saw was in a town near Bangor. I reached the hotel late in the evening and was assigned to a pretty tidy-looking room. Just before I retired I heard scuffling under the bed and looked under, expecting to see a burglar. Instead, I saw a couple of large rats just escaping into their hole. I dressed and went down in the office and put in a big kick. The clerk was as serene as a summer's breeze. 'That's all right, sir,' he said. 'Front. Take a cat to 23 at once.'"

MARRIOTT'S MARKET

There's a dispatch in the papers every day about somebody dying from eating something poorly preserved.

We know where our canned goods come from, how they are prepared, and just how good they are. If they're not the best we haven't place for them.

Marriott's,
22 West First South

A young man said in our hearing the other day, "there is no use in my starting a Savings account. I am only getting \$8.00 a week."

We did not have an opportunity to talk it over with him, but this thought came to us: Suppose you were only getting \$7.00 a week you would still get along wouldn't you? Why not, then, young man, deposit the \$1.00 a week to a Savings account that would

Pay you 4 per cent interest and compound it every six months

?

**Salt Lake
Security & Trust
Co.**

IN OUR OWN BUILDING,
\$2-34 Main Street.